

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

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Story for the Ladies.

BACHELOR'S LOVE-MAKING.

You would have known it for a bachelor's den, the moment you put your head in the door. Blue, spicy wreaths of cigar smoke circling up to the ceiling—newspapers under the table—castile soap in the tiny bronze card receiver—slippers on the mantle-piece, and general confusion everywhere.—And yet Mr. Thornbrooke—poor, deluded mortal—solemnly believing that his room was in the most perfect order. For hadn't he poked the empty champagne bottles under the bed, and sent the wood box to bear them company, and hung his morning gown over the damp towels, and dusted the ashes sprinkled hearth with his best silk handkerchief! He'd like to see a room in better trim than that—guessed he would! And now he was mending himself up, preparatory to going a calling, to call on the very prettiest girl in New York. Not that he was particularly fond of the needle, but when a fellow's whole foot goes through a hole in the north-east toe of his stocking, and there isn't a button on his shirt, it is time to repair damages.

Now, as Mr. Thornbrooke's whole stock of industrial implements consisted of a lump of wax, an enormous pair of scissors, and one needle, the mending didn't progress rapidly. His way of managing the button question, too, necessarily involved some delay; he had to cut all these useful appendages from another shirt and sew them on, and next time when the second shirt was wanted, why it was easy enough to make a transfer again. See what it is to be a bachelor of genius! It never occurred to him to buy a few buttons extra.

"Buttons are not much trouble," said Mr. Thornbrooke to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but when it comes to coat sleeves, what the mischief is a fellow to do? I haven't any black thread, either;" and he looked dolorously at a small tear just in his elbow, where some vicious nail had caught in the broadcloth.—"A black pin may do for to-night, and to-morrow I'll send it to the tailor. The fact is, I ought to be married, and so I would, if I only dared to ask Lillian. O, dear, I know she wouldn't have me—and yet I'm not so certain either—if I could only muster courage boldly to put the question. But just as sure as I approach the dangerous ground, my heart fails me. And then that puppy Jones, with his curled moustache and hair parted in the middle—always hanging round Lillian and quoting poetry to her—if I could have the privilege of kicking him across the street I'd die happy. He isn't bashful, not he. If somebody would only invent a new way of popping the question—something that wasn't so embarrassing."

Our hero gave his black, glossy curls an extra brush, surveyed himself critically in the glass, and then, with a deep sigh, set forth to call on the identical Lillian Raymond, resolving as he had done a thousand times before, that if—perhaps—may be—

Oh, the bashfulness of the bachelors!
When Mr. Thornbrooke arrived within the charmed precincts of Mr. Raymond's handsome parlors, velvet-carpeted, chandeliered with gold and ormolu, crowded to the very doors with those charming knickknacks that only a woman's taste provides. Miss Lily was at home in a bewildering pink merino dress, edged with white lace around the shoulders, and a crimson moss rose twisted in among the rippling waves of her soft brown hair. She never looked half so pretty; and, thank Providence, Jones wasn't on hand for once in his life. But what was almost as bad, Lily's cousin was there—a tall, slender, black-eyed girl, with arch lips, and cheeks as red as a Spitzenberg apple. Oh, how Thornbrooke wished Miss Esther Allen was at the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere else except in the parlor. And then her eyes were so sharp—he hadn't been doing the agreeable more

than four minutes and a half before she exclaimed:

"Dear me, Mr. Thornbrooke—pray excuse me—but what on earth is the matter with your elbow?"

Mark turned scarlet—the traitorous black pin had deserted its post.

"Only a compound fracture in my coat, Miss Allen," said he, feeling as if his face might do the duty of Mr. Raymond's chandeliers put together; "you know we bachelors are not expected to be exempt from such things."

"Hold your arm, sir, and I'll set it all right in one moment," said Esther, instantly producing from some secret recess in the folds of her dress, a thimble and needle, threaded with black silk, and setting expertly to work.

"There, now, consider yourself whole."
"How skillful you are," said Mark, admiringly, after he had thanked her most sincerely; "but then you have so many nice little concerns to work with. I have only a needle and some wax, besides my scissors."

"You ought to have a housewife, Mr. Thornbrooke," said Miss Lily, timidly lifting up her long lashes in his direction. Lily never could speak to Thornbrooke without a soft little rosy shadow on her cheek.

"A what?" demanded Mark, turning very red.

"A housewife."
"Yes," said Mark, after a moment's awkward hesitation, "my—my friends have told me so very often—and I really think so myself, you know—but what sort of a one would you recommend, Miss Raymond?"

"Oh, any pretty little concern. I'll send you one in the morning, if you'll accept of it," she added, with a rosy light in her cheeks again.

"If I'll—accept it," said Mark, feeling as if he were in an atmosphere of pearl and gold, with two wings sprouting out of his broadcloth, on either side. And just as he was opening his lips to assure Miss Lily that he was ready to take the precious gift to his arms, then and there without any unnecessary delay, the door opened, and in walked Jones.

Mark was not at all cannibalistic in his propensities, but just then he could have eaten Jones up with uncommon pleasure. And there the fellow sat, pulling his long moustaches and talking the most insipid twaddle—sat and sat, until Mark rose in despair to go.—Even then he had no opportunity to exchange a private word with Lily.

"You—you'll not forget—"
"Oh! I'll be sure to remember," said she, smilingly, and half wondering at that unusual pressure he gave her hand. "Ladies often do provide their bachelor friends so."

Mark went home the happiest individual that ever trod a New York pavement. Indeed, so great was his felicity that he indulged in various gymnastic capers indicative of bliss, and only paused in them at the gruff caution of a policeman, who had probably forgotten his own courting days—
"Come, young man, what are you about?"

"Was there ever a more delicate way of assuring me of her favorable consideration? Was there ever a more feminine admission of her sentiment. Of course she will come herself—an angel, breathing airs from Paradise—and I shall tell her of my love. A housewife—oh, the delicious words! Wonder what neighborhood she would like me to engage a residence in. How soon it would be best to name the day! Oh, if I should awake to find it all a blissful dream!"

Early the next morning, Mr. Thornbrooke set briskly to work "righting up things." How he swept and dusted and scoured—the room was aired to get rid of the tobacco smoke, and sprinkled with cologne and beautified generally. And at length, when the dust was all swept into one corner, and covered by a carelessly (!) disposed newspaper, he found the window glass murky, and polished it with such vengeance that his fist, handkerchief and all, went through, sorely damaging the hand, and necessitating the ungrateful accessory of an old hat to keep out the wintry blast for the time being. However, even this mishap didn't dampen his spirits, for was not Lily coming?

Long and wearily he waited, yet no tinkle at the bell gave warning of her approach. "It's all her sweet feminine modesty," thought he, and was content. At length there was a peal below, and Mark's heart jumped up into his

mouth, beating like a reveille drum. He rushed to the door, but—there was no one but a little grinning black boy, with a box.

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's de housewife, sir."

"The housewife, you little imp of Erosus!"
"Yes, sir, in the box, all right."
Mark slunk back into his room and opened the box, half expecting to see a full-dressed young lady issue from it, a la Arabian Nights; but no—it was only a little blue velvet book, and full of odd compartments, in azure silk, containing tape, needles, scissors, silk, thimble, and all the nice little work-table accessories.

"And she calls this a housewife," groaned Mark, in ineffable bitterness of spirit at the downfall of his bright visions. "But I won't be put off so."

Desperation gave him courage, and off he hied to the Raymond mansion, determined to settle the matter if there were forty Joneses and Esthers there.

But Lillian was alone, singing at her embroidery in the sunbiny window casement.

"Dear me, Mr. Thornbrooke, is there anything the matter?"

Perhaps it was the shadow from the splendid crimson cactus plumes in the window that gave her cheek such a delicate glow—perhaps—but we have no right to speculate.

"Yes."
And Mark sat down by her side, and took the trembling, fluttering hand.

"You sent me a housewife this morning?"

"Wasn't it right?" faltered Lillian.

"It wasn't the kind I wanted at all!"

"Not the kind you wanted?"

"No, I prefer a living one, and I came to see if I couldn't change it. I want one with brown hair and eyes—something, in short, Miss Lillian, just your pattern.—Can I have it?"

Lily turned white and then red, smiled, and then burst into tears, and tried to draw away her hand, but Mark held it fast.

"No, dear Lily, first tell me I can have the treasure I ask for."
"Yes," she said, with the prettiest confusion in the world; and then, instead of releasing the captive hand, the unreasonable fellow took possession of the other, too.—But as Lily did not object, we suppose it is all right.

And that was the odd path by which Thornbrooke diverged from the walks of old bachelorhood, and stepped into the respectable ranks of matrimony.

Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Wheat.
HACIENDA, SALUDA, }
Greenville, South Carolina, }
July 27th, 1870. }

Hon. Horace Capron, Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Washington City, D. C.

Sir—Last year the drought reduced the yield of corn, and wheat flour, by the barrel, was imported for daily bread. One of the providential benefits of a drought, forces an increased planting of grain the following year. The consequence is, that we have a larger area of wheat harvested this year than usual, and well has the farmer been repaid.

One bushel and three pecks of Red Bearded Mediterranean Wheat, which was seed produced from one peck, from the Agricultural Department, yielded twenty-five bushels; straw five feet long; weight, sixty pounds per bushel; planted 2d October; harvested 17th June; no rust; no smut; seed soaked in salt and water and dusted with lime; top dressed with barn-yard manure in mid winter.

Wheat sown early in this climate, is in no danger of winter-killing by freezing. The young and tender roots run well down into the soil before the ice belt reaches this latitude. By top-dressing in mid winter, with a moderate coat of barn-yard manure while the earth is dry, the wheat receives a thankful covering which protects it from the cold blasts of winter, and the farmer will be well paid for his kind attention to the poor old field—which I regret to say presents a distressingly ragged aspect in freezing weather in some quarters.

The intelligent farmer understands the culture of wheat from practical experience, and need not be told how necessary it is to prepare the land by deep plowing beforehand. The practice of planting wheat on ground already taxed almost to death with a corn crop, is a bad one. In the first place,

the corn cannot be gathered soon enough in the fall to plant wheat, and in the second place—unless the land is in a high state of richness—the crop of corn, and following wheat crop, exhaust the soil so much, that continued improvement is lost, and the end is not capped by big barns. The proper time to plow for wheat in this country, is in August and September, ready to sow on the 1st of October. The wheat must have time to make root before the soil freezes. It grows in cool weather; it ripens in the middle of June; it must have its full time—the law says so. He who plants wheat in this climate in January, may make some imperfect grain. Would he ruin his ox team by forcing them up a steep hill without giving them time to catch their breath!

Here is a field plowed well with a double team. All the rain which falls upon this field remains. The law of precipitation is ordered so as to give to the plant the water required for a full and perfect growth. This is the rule. The sun evaporates according to an equally good law. Now let us suppose the field was plowed with half the power required, and not so deep, and that one-half the rain water ran off, and that, in the month of May, before wheat has reached a growth sufficient to shade the ground from the rays of the sun, there is two weeks of drought. As the soil has in hand only one-half the wherewith to make a crop, the sun taxes the land just the same as though it held all the rain-water, and in one week the ground is as dry as the highway and growth stopped; whereas, if half the water had not run off, the chances are, the sun might not evaporate all the moisture before the end of the second week, when the drought is over and the crop is saved. If we want to find a gold mine, plow deep.

Greenville County is a fine wheat country. Pennsylvania yields an average of 12 bushels and eight-tenths of a bushel per acre, (Report of Department of Agriculture, 1868, page 34,) after long experience as a wheat growing State. I have made 19 bushels per acre this year on a very imperfectly improved old broom-sage field.

The plant receives its life or death from the wind. It is, therefore, important that the planter should know what is in the wind. Wheat takes the rust after a warm, sultry rain, which, in this County, comes on a south-west wind. These winds have usually prevailed in June, and if the wheat is late in making grain, it is injured by the rust. It is believed that smut is caused by planting wheat on land which has been taxed too heavy on those requisites of which the soil should be possessed for a production of a pure, good, clean wheat suitable for sweet, white bread. The capacity of the soil of this County for wheat, when improved and properly prepared, and the climate carefully observed and obeyed by the farmer, exceeds the physical strength of the laborer to cut with a common cradle.

When we consider the market for flour that lays at the very feet of Greenville, and the high prices that commands at all times throughout the year over the immense field to the south of this, and recollect that it is down hill to market—we feel the valuable time passing; the want of capital to accomplish the work; the want of agriculture knowledge; the want of that experience; practical determined will to enter deeply into a thorough English, German or French system, by which the riches of the earth may so easily be developed. Who is to do this work? That is the question.

The farmer in Iowa can only get 15 cents per bushel for corn in cash, or 20 cents in exchange for groceries, while to-day, it brings \$1.70 per bushel in the City of Greenville, and wheat, as a rule, \$2. Easy and quick transportation in 12 hours to the seaport of Charleston, on their way to the hungry armies of France and Prussia, compared with the costly freight by railroad from the North-Western States to the distracted States of Germany.

I have the honor, sir, to be your obedient servant,
LARDNER GIBBON.

The Emperor Napoleon wears but one ring, containing a valuable amethyst, which General de Beauregard, after being imprisoned during the reign of Terror, sent to his wife Josephine. Queen Hortense wore this ring after Josephine's death, and Louis Napoleon has had it on his hand ever since his mother's death.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Marriage of Miss McHardy.

We copy the following notice of a marriage which occurred on the 16th of June, at Chelmsford, Essex Co., England, from an English paper. The father of the bride, we are pleased to state, is a brother of the estimable wife of Major Lambert Jones, of Newberry, and the friends of this family, and our readers generally, we think, will be pleased to read the account which tells how these interesting affairs are conducted across the water.

The marriage of Malvina, eldest daughter of Admiral McHardy, chief constable of the county of Essex, with Staff-Surgeon Francis Henry Blaxall, M. D., Royal Navy, was solemnized yesterday at the pretty little church of All Saints, Springfield. The universal popularity of the bride's father, and the esteem which Miss McHardy's own kindly disposition has inspired for her in the parish, contributed, with the fashionable character of the wedding itself, to render the event personally interesting to a large number of people, and the church and churchyard became densely crowded a long time before the ceremony was appointed to take place. A white ensign floated over the church tower, and merry wedding peals were rung at intervals during the day. The bridegroom arrived at the church gates about eleven o'clock in a splendid carriage drawn by a pair of greys, and having alighted, proceeded to a seat near the chancel screen, where the first part of the service was to be performed. After him came in the same way several friends, and, ultimately, the bridesmaids. These young ladies, six in number, took up their position inside the porch, and on the arrival of the bride, with her father, on whose arm she lent, they accompanied her to the entrance of the chancel, where the Rev. A. Pearson commenced to read the opening passages of the Order.—The Rev. gentleman was accompanied by his two curates (the Rev. G. T. Dennis and the Rev. H. A. Lipscomb,) and also by the Rev. C. J. Way, Vicar of Boreham, the latter gentleman reading the concluding portions of the service after the wedding party had walked in procession to the altar. Mrs. Holgate presided at the organ, and played suitable marches as the bride and her maids proceeded up the aisle to the chancel, and when the whole party, on the completion of the ceremony, went into the vestry to felicitate the happy pair and witness the signing of the register. As the party passed along the churchyard path to re-enter their carriages flowers were strewn under their feet by a number of neatly-dressed girls connected with Springfield schools, who had provided themselves with beautiful baskets and wreaths. The bride was attired in a rich dress of white corded silk, trimmed with satin and fringe. She also wore a beautiful wreath of orange blossom and stephanidia and an embroidered tulle veil. The bridesmaids, whose names we subjoin, together with those of the groomsmen, wore white grenadine dresses, elegantly trimmed with blue satin ribbon, white bonnets, trimmed with blue convolvuli, and veils of white tulle.

Bridesmaids—Miss Mary McHardy; Miss Way, Miss Pearson, Miss Mary Pearson, Miss Prescott, Miss Pasco.

Groomsmen—Capt. Vidal, R. N., Capt. McHardy, R. N., Capt. Lees, Mr. Malcolm McHardy, Capt. Way, R. N., Mr. Chas. McHardy.

On the arrival of the party from church at the residence of Admiral McHardy at Springfield Court, they partook of an elegantly served breakfast, the following ladies and gentlemen being present in addition to the gallant Admiral and Mrs. McHardy, the newly married pair, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen, viz: Admiral and Mrs. Barnett, Capt. and Mrs. Campbell, Capt. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Coghlan McHardy, the Rev. A. Pearson and Mrs. Pearson, the Rev. C. J. Way and Mrs. Way, the Rev. N. and Miss Groom, Capt. and Mrs. Bannister, Mr. Beadell, Capt. Pasco, Mrs. Mestard, Mrs. Blaxall, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Pattison, the Rev. G. T. Dennis, the Rev. H. A. Lipscomb, Miss Barnes, Miss Archer, and Miss Bell. The bride and bridegroom left Chelmsford, by 3.12 train. The wedding presents which were very numerous and elegant, included one gift of peculiar interest, both because of its own character and of the

source from whence it emanated. This was an excellent photograph of Admiral McHardy, colored in oil, the graceful offering of the superintendents and officers in charge of petty sessions divisions throughout the country. The officers and men at Springfield court decorated the premises with great taste and profusion, several splendid flags being displayed, and an arch of evergreens and flowers, with the monogram of the happy pair in the centre, spanning the gateway.

Blaxall—McHardy—16th inst. at the parish church, Springfield, by the Rev. A. Pearson, assisted by the Rev. Charles Way, Dr. Francis Henry Blaxall, Staff-Surgeon, R. N., and Inspector under the Privy Council Office, to Malvina, eldest daughter of Admiral McHardy.

Regulations for Fruit Distillation.

Mr. C. H. Baldwin, Assessor of the Third South Carolina District, has furnished the Columbia Guardian with the following brief synopsis of the requirements of the Internal Revenue Laws, in respect to fruit distillers, as modified by recent regulations of the Commissioners of Internal Revenue. In addition to the charges mentioned below, it will be remembered that there is a tax of fifty cents per gallon on all brandy produced:

1. They must register their stills and give notice of their intention to distill. The Assistant Assessor will furnish them with the necessary blanks for this purpose.

2. They must execute a bond, with at least two approved securities. The penal sum of this bond must not be less than the tax on the brandy that can be distilled at the distillery during a period of thirty days, and in no case less than \$500.

3. They must provide themselves with a book, (prescribed form 254,) in which a record must be kept of the hours of running, material used, number of boilings made and quantity of brandy distilled. From this book, monthly reports must be made to the Assistant Assessor.

4. They must have a place of deposit for their brandy (which may be any house or building near the distillery,) and all brandy made must be put into casks, holding not less than ten gallons, and placed in said building, until the same is gauged and the tax paid thereon.

5. On or before the 25th of this month the distiller will notify the Collector of the probable number of packages he will have on hand to be gauged at the end of the month; at which time the Collector will order the gauger to gauge and mark the same. The gauger's fees, which will be about \$1 per cask, must be paid by the distiller. Fruit distillers pay the following taxes:

1. A special tax or license, at the rate of \$50 per annum, to be estimated from the first day of the month in which distilling is begun to the first day of May following; and, in addition, a tax of \$4 per barrel on every barrel of brandy produced in excess of the rate of 100 barrels per annum.

In addition to the above requirements, the Assessor, upon receipt of the distiller's notice, proceeds, at the expense of the Government, to make a survey of the capacity of his distillery, which fixes the producing capacity of the distillery at so many gallons for every twenty-four hours. Then, at the end of each month, the Assessor ascertains from the reports of the distiller the exact number of hours the distillery was run during the month, allowing for all stoppages and suspensions, and thus, by means of the survey, estimates the capacity of the month.

If the actual quantity produced is less than eighty per cent. of this capacity, the distiller is assessed for the deficiency at the rate of fifty cents per gallon. The distiller, however, by skillful management can always avoid this deficiency or make it so small as to be of no consideration.

Parties intending to engage in fruit distillation, should give notice to the Assistant Assessor, as soon as possible, so as to give ample time for effecting all preliminary arrangements with that office.

Five hundred coolies from California passed through Memphis this week on their way to the interior of Tennessee, where they are to work on plantations.

A MAN at Atlanta, Ga., recently, who sleeps with his mouth open, had his false teeth stolen by an adroit thief.

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS. Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, nine cases out of ten.—Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for the want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand and he suffers enough for being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among the working people than among those who are called rich.

This living beyond one's means, is the cause of more demoralization and woe in the human family than any other of those indiscretions in which it seems man is inclined to indulge. Especially it is so in the cities of the world where vicious temptations in so many varied forms abound. Bulwer, more than any other of the popular modern writers, seems to understand what poverty really is.—He is poor who lives beyond his means, while he who lives within them is not. And this will apply to the millionaire as well as to him who has to labor for his daily bread.

Exciting Scene in a Circus Tent.

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